

◇ Defenestration ◇

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Philosophical Sonnet I.
by
Bill Mehlman

I.

My seeds surge up from balls of brass – oh,
I'm no falsetto, I'm pure basso –
Drawn out by you from their Sargasso
They speed through vas-deferential loops.
I love your dewy, black-fringed – oops,
That is, your eyes, like Betty Boop's.
No art can limn you, not Picasso's
Finest etchings, pastels, nor impastos,
Nor Pliestocene man down in Lascaux,
Not tones from strings nor reeds in twos.
And for the words poor bards needs use?
Best you can do, these sorry screeds, Muse?
No help for us from the nine Mnemonides;
Let's keep it simple: we'll fuck on Fridays.

Absinth
by
Christian Ward

One sip
And you are taken back
To the days of bohemian
Paris, when the nights
Of the fin de siècle were
Long and your mind was
Clouded by the ideals
Of liberté, égalité and
Fraternité. Or until the
Green fog clears
And you wake up naked;
Chained to a lamppost
Somewhere in London

Long Confessional Poems
by
Frank Critelli

I wanted to write one of those
long confessional poems
you know, the kind that go on and on
and on
I was going to list every fucked up thing
I ever did in my whole stupid life
along with gut-wrenching and pathetic apologies
or maybe
fuck-you-I'm-glad-I-hurt-you-I-never-liked-you-anyways
or whatever to the poor humiliated victims
of my bad temper and bad decision making
but then
I thought what's the use of that!?
I figure we're all owed as many apologies as we owe
and nobody reads my poetry anyway

Summer's Day in Ireland
by
Kevin Doran

On a beautiful summer's day in Ireland
I stand in the centre of a vast field of thin wheat
gliding through my fingers like silk

As I look up to the sky, inhaling a deep
breath of fresh country air
I hear a distant voice in the wind –

'Get out' me field, ya feck arse!

Quirks of Grammar & Keyboard
by
Quentin B. Huff

1.

Tiger's flag
emerges above
fields of green.

^

What the Black man saw;
What the "Indian" lived in;
god deemed as less than.

Q

Magnifying glass
broken when the editor
caught sixteen typos.

&

My yoga teacher
in the lotus position
brings foot to forehead.

re-

Whatever you do,
I've done before and betcha
I'll do it again!

%

Married to boredom,
her husband laid on his back:
what the mistress saw.

*

Explosion of black.
Lost negatives of Nasa's
first photos from space.

\$

Left breast and pole.

()

Love's invitation
to return and cradle ourselves;
a throbbing entrance.

A

Color in the tip—
either a mountain appears
or a pencil lead.

#

Telescopic lens
captures Serena's speeding
racket strings close up.

=

Brother and sister
would not share, so it sinks in
an ocean of milk.

@

The snail
sheds
its home.

-ing

So the present runs
but never quite gets there, its
footsteps eternal.

The New iPod by Ralph Nieves-Bryant

Good afternoon, my name is Steve Jobs, C.E.O. of Apple Computer. Welcome to the 2011 MacWorld Conference. Since the creation of the iPod in 2001, we have been releasing a brand new model every 13 days. Our indentured servants in China, who make our iPods, are so dedicated that they have developed basketball-sized blisters on their fingers. The iPod has helped us exceed financial projections, made many of us extremely wealthy and has scored me more sexual favors than I could possibly handle. But today, we will be revolutionizing our company, our industry and the exotic world of the pimp game with the introduction of this new iPod. I present to you, iPod Ho.

When we decided to build iPod Ho, our goal was to create a product that would become the most dynamic digital ho experience for both men and women. We wanted a product that would outperform the current hos on the stroll. Before we began, we asked ourselves two questions: first, who are the other players in the ho market? We identified strippers, playboys, crack hos, escorts, gigolos, high priced call girls and, of course, our spouses. Next, we asked what is wrong with the existing hoes on the market. Here is what we learned did not work about their products:

1. **Uncertain Selection:** Finding just the right hoe is a complicated process. You either have to drive around the ho stroll all night or rely on phones and the Internet to get your satisfaction. Both methods are unreliable at best. The iPod Ho dramatically changes the process. I am pleased to announce a partnership with the National Pimphand Union (NPU), which is chaired by Snoop Dogg, to create iPimp, a new software application and digital ho store. Every ho on iPimp will receive the NPU Seal of Approval, which guarantees they are all Grade A "Bottom Bitches" from the finest ho stables in America, including the Moonlight Bunny Ranch in Nevada, the Gold Club in Atlanta and Hugh Hefner's Playboy Mansion.
2. **Poor User Interface:** Unfortunately, hos are difficult to deal with. In the past, if you brought a stud back to your junior suite at the Courtyard Marriott, that also meant inviting in all his childhood trauma, infectious diseases and his \$300 a day smack habit. In addition, if you thought dealing with hoes was difficult, try getting your husband to actually "understand" you. Using iPimp, the hos of your choice are easy to find. They also will not destroy the mood like your wife or husband by telling you about their day or asking to watch the last five minutes of the game before paying you any attention, respectively.
3. **Limited Navigation:** Let's say you have a live ho bent over doggy style and you decide to switch the position to reverse cowgirl. Well, that might cost you extra. And to get some extra loving from your spouse, you may have to agree to let your dreaded Mother-In-Law come for a visit. No one wants that! With the largest position memory card on the market, named iKama, you can go from missionary to master and servant with just a few turns on the click wheel.

The iPod Ho is not your ordinary Street Walking Crack Ho. That would not be good enough for Apple. We will leave the cheap digital hos to our friends at Dell. The iPod Ho comes in five colors: Honkey White, Negro Black, Spic Tan, Chinky Yellow and my favorite, Indistinguishable Mulatto. It weighs only 4.5 pounds and it comes in two depths, three and six inches, with customizable attachments for people hung like a bull.

The iPod Ho features three entry ports: iMouth, iButt and iBush. The iPod Ho also has one exit port for our coolest new accessory, iPenis, which, to quote a famous phrase, is strong enough for a man, but made for a woman. iPod Ho functions like all iPods in that you upload files through our standard USB 69.0 output. You can use the click wheel to play your files by a particular ho or create a playlist of your favorite hos for a threeway, orgy or gangbang. People can also select from a particular genre, including Dominatrixes, Pool Boys and the most popular genre, Chickenheads.

You may have heard rumors of Microsoft's new WinSlut XXX digital hoe application. However, according to a story in PC Magazine, their operating system recently suffered an attack of the Crabs Virus. I can tell you that iPod Ho features the latest version of the Penicillin Anti-Virus, which will eradicate the latest strains of syphilis, gonorrhea and the most aggressive virus - premature cohabitation.

Of course, you cannot have an iPod without the cool accessories because we really need to bleed our customers dry. And I want to specifically mention three exciting new products that will be available.

I briefly mentioned the iPenis. Ladies, you should know it is made from the finest human-like composite materials recycled from our now expired iPod People project. iPenis comes in an amazing 12 sizes, from the compact two-inch model to the impressive 15-inch model, which I affectionately call iSteve. Also, by going to the Settings tab, you can click on the "Vibrate" setting and really get the party started.

Next, Brad Pitt could be lying in your bed and occasionally you will want something different. That is why we created iBody. This accessory allows you to dress up your iPod Ho with tens of thousands of simulated bodies. Got a case of jungle fever - then try the Halle Barry iBody; like things a little spicy - how about Salma Hayek; love transvestites - check out Bea Arthur. If you love Anna Nicole Smith, we have three iBodies for you: if you are a fan of *Playboy*, we have Playmate Anna; for people with a chubby fetish, there's Fat Anna. Finally, for champions of coked out has-beens, you can pick up Junkie Anna. As a special offer, if you purchase the Junkie Anna, you can upgrade to Courtney Love for just 99 cents. iBody has something for everyone.

I submit to you that the iPod Ho represents the hottest digital ho experience on the planet. But sometimes, you just want to cuddle. That's why we created iListen, which allows you to feel the strong emotional connection that only a molded piece of plastic can deliver. iListen comes with a state of the art digital "ear" that can record 10 hours of incessant blabbering. You can also plug in the optional Nodding Head attachment, which has been calibrated with iListen to nod in agreement at the most appropriate times.

Finally, what about price? Again, we looked to our competitors for guidance. The price fluctuation is significant in the ho business - starting at \$25 for blow jobs from street hos to a new Lexus for your disgruntled lesbian lover. We looked for a price point that would help us enter the ho stroll with a strong position and still allow the masses to enjoy iPod Ho. I am pleased to announce that the iPod Ho will be available for \$4,999. We think that's a fair price to have all the hos you could ever want in a portable digital solution. It's cheaper than 10 trips to the Bunnyranch and more affordable than getting your husband the penile enlargement he so desperately needs. And with the "Turn Out" feature, your iPod Ho can generate revenue for you. All you have to do is recruit johns to "sample" the product. By using this feature, the iPod Ho practically pays for itself.

The reviews for the iPod Ho have already been positive. Heidi Fleiss says "I've been around a lot of hos. But this is the hoist ho in history." We heard this from pimp legend and actor Ice T: "This bitch will have your money... and will make change." Someone who knows a thing or two about hos, former President Bill Clinton, said: "This ho helped save my marriage." Time Magazine enthusiastically stated: "The symbiotic relationship between the iPimp and the iHo redefines the battle of the sexes and easily makes the iPod Ho the must have gift for the holiday season." My favorite review came from the gay publication, *The Advocate*, which gave iPod Ho: "Two Big Dicks Straight Up!" Because of this, we anticipate the iPod Ho will gain a market share of 80% of the digital ho market by next week.

Before I close, I would like to thank the iPod Ho Product Team, who tested, retested and re-retested the Hos to make sure this product provided maximum satisfaction. I especially would like to thank Jorge Villalobos from our Castro office in San Francisco for perfecting the iPenis attachment.

Ladies and gentlemen, the digital ho revolution is upon us. I encourage you to visit the showroom floor, where we have some demo copies of the iPod Ho for you to try out. This includes our limited edition iPam Anderson, with two oversized click wheels. Thank you and good night.

Ask Mister Bargain, Letter 1
by
Ryan Nemeth

Dr. Mister Bargain,

Lately, my fiancée has been going on and on about cell phones. I personally don't know the difference between cell phones and ordinary coin-operated telephones. What are they all about?

Thanks,
Wondering in Grand Rapids

Dear Wondering in Grand Rapids,

First of all, it's obvious to me, Mister Bargain, that you are not emotionally or financially ready for marriage. The fact that you have a fiancée is laughable.

Secondly, cell phones have been around forever! You must have been living under a rock the last couple years. Or I suppose you could be one of those stubborn mentally challenged people. In that case, get over it, already. As Mister Bargain always says, "It's never too late to change—even if your parents were so full of sin that you were born with autism."

Cellular, or mobile, phones are simply telephones that you can take with you anywhere. They make it possible to keep up with today's high-paced world. The convenience of owning and using a mobile phone is something our prehistoric ancestors (along with amoebas and know-it-all residents of third-world countries) were never lucky enough to experience. I encourage you to give in and to explore the wonderful world of mobile communication.

Cell phones are a milestone in modern human achievement. Even so, most modern humans take the vast possibilities available in cellular technology for granted. That's unfortunate for modern humans, considering how many modern humans rely on modern cell phones every human day. Golly, think of all the modern human things that wouldn't be humanly possible without modern human cell phones! Virtually every major city, industry, railroad line, world religion, socialite, ethnicity, X-Ray, Death Row pardon, successful presidential election, jailbreak, winning lottery ticket, photosynthesis process, piece of delivered mail, pulled tooth, pair of wax lips, popular pet grooming trend and dropped call is one-hundred percent reliant on cellular telephone technology.

Mobile phones have come a long way since the days of the klunky, walkie-talkie units. Companies like Verizon Wireless, Nokia and Alltel are designing increasingly more compact phones. Favorites such as the Nokia SG-304 are small and light enough to rest unnoticeably in a front shirt pocket. But in a world where tinier is better, even the paperthin SG-304 is too big for today's consumer. Not to mention the fact that pockets (along with other so-called necessary accessories like pagers, purses and DNA) are, again, going out of style. The smaller (and more affordable) Alltel 1133 is probably a better choice. The Alltel 1133 is so compact that it will fit snugly within the

nucleus of your favorite atom. And don't worry about looking awkward while using mobile phones. Belt-clips and stylish phone covers allow fashionable talkers to look confident and comfortable (often appearing as confident and as comfortable as popular rap artists).

Neat features like voicemail make using these handy devices even more efficient and helpful. Just what is voicemail, you ask? Voicemail is a digital answering machine that allows friends and business associates to leave you messages when they call your phone. Plus, it gives you the option to leave humorous outgoing greetings to your hilarious friends. When I don't pick up, for example, my callers are greeted with the following message: "Hello, who's calling please? Oh, hey, what's up? Oh yeah? Really? Oh, ok. Yeah, sure, just do that. Oh, I see. Wow, that's funny. You know what else is funny? This isn't me, it's my voicemail! Haha, I got ya! You are so gullible! And uneducated! And lazy! I hope your children never qualify for Financial Aid!"

See how fun those can be?

So, readers, if you haven't had the pleasure of using a mobile phone, what are you waiting for? It's never been easier (or more affordable) to sign up with a cellular provider. Just stop in a nearby Verizon Wireless or AT&T store to get yourself on the fast track to worldwide mobile communication and painful brain tumors!

Keep asking and I'll keep answering!
Mister Bargain

Schopenhauer Shopping by **Thomas David Lisk**

The philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer appeared in a Wisconsin supermarket recently, where he was seen by at least one local woman.

"The bald spot in front, the whiskers, the funny clothes, the blue eyes, everything," Nettie Jetzer, 42, said. Jetzer, of Prussian Lake, is employed as a cashier at Jenseits' Tru-Value Hardware and was picking up a few things on her way home from work. "Rex, my husband, likes those chicken livers in pineapple sauce you can get in microwavable containers," she said, "so I stopped at the Pig"(Piggly Wiggly, a local supermarket). Schopenhauer died in 1860, but he remains fresh in the minds of some of his admirers. For decades entrepreneurs have cashed in on the fans' lust for Schopenhauer "collectibles," including everything from china plates etched with Schopenhauer's face tipping the world a knowing wink, to full-color paintings of the impish visage on black velvet, for sale (along with Schopenhauer bean bag chairs, and giant underpants) in supermarket parking lots and abandoned gas stations all over the Americas.

And while many Americans are saying, "Who cares?" the presses roll out an endless flow of books by and about the philosopher.

Schopenhauer's memory is especially green in parts of the upper midwest, where German was spoken right through the two World Wars.

The Prussian Lake (Wisconsin) Public Library even boasts a small collection of Schopenhaueriana, including the actual calculations made by a physicist at the University of Wisconsin to determine Schopenhauer's weight on Venus, the belt Schopenhauer is believed to have worn at his last public lecture, and two or three ideas picked up by admirers after he outgrew them.

"Are you sure it wasn't the late president Martin Van Buren?" Jetzer was asked by a reporter from upstate New York. [Insert photos of Schopenhauer and Van Buren here.] "It was him, the philosopher, will and idea, you know," Jetzer said. "You think I wouldn't recognize him? You think I don't read German?"

Skeptics have speculated that Jetzer may actually have seen a philosophy student wearing a T-shirt with Schopenhauer's face emblazoned across the front. Jetzer demurs. "He was much taller than that. At least five eight. His head was, I mean. If his head was a face on someone's chest it would have had to have been a very tall person, very tall. I just don't see it," Jetzer says. "Besides, he wasn't wearing a T-shirt."

Dr. Einar Fiskar, professor of Psychology at the University of the Minnesota/Wisconsin Border, says Jetzer's vision was not a hallucination. "I'm sure she saw something," Fiskar says.

"People need heroes," according to Fiskar. "This is why someone is always coming on Elvis Presley resurrected and buying a new refrigerator at Sears. Or in this case, seeing a philosopher in the produce section. It's a very human need."

Schopenhauer was choosing between frozen perch and a plastic bag of smelt (100 count)

when Jetzer saw him, she said. "I was just too timid to go up and ask for his autograph. I couldn't believe my eyes. Also, I wanted to tell him not to buy the frozen, once." Jetzer says Schopenhauer went for the smelt anyway.

In spite of Jetzer's confidence that she saw the great German thinker, other experts are skeptical.

"I can assure you, Schopenhauer is quite dead," said Ruben Hoffbrau, who has recently completed a biography of the philosopher. "I interviewed hundreds of people for the book, including the Schopenhauer family physician's grandson and many many close personal friends, and they all agree, the man in the coffin on that day in 1860 was Schopenhauer," Hoffbrau said.

Dozens of books are published every year on Schopenhauer and his ilk, many by scholarly presses. Why this fascination with dead philosophers?

"Well," Fiskar says, "whether you know it or not, Schopenhauer has touched all our lives in some way. Even those who barely recognize his name use words he made famous, words like 'world,' 'will,' and 'idea.' Nietzsche, who was influenced by Schopenhauer, said God is dead, but people go on believing in God. Is this really any different?"

Schopenhauer first published *The World as Will and Idea* (German title: *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*) in 1818.

"That book is as impenetrable to me today as it was a hundred years ago," Jetzer says, "though not to me then."

"My book is the only one with new information," Hoffbrau says. "Again and again they rehash the same old ideas. Mine is the first book in thirty years with a new perspective on Schopenhauer's life. Let me say this: Schopenhauer believed time had a completely uniform consistency, like a good Wisconsin cheese. You eat it and it's gone. So. You shake what's left and nothing happens. But if time has a consistency more like this jar of mixed pickled vegetables, and you eat a piece of cauliflower, there may still be another piece in the jar. And every time you shake it, something different rises to the top. Well, not every time. So, if time were a cheese, it would be highly surprising if Schopenhauer showed up in this supermarket, but if time were a jar of mixed pickled vegetables, he might pop up at any time."

The philosopher's works are considered by many to be classics in their genre. "When I was growing up," Hoffbrau says, "we were all nuts for philosophy--typical of our generation. And everyone took sides, Schopenhauer or [Immanuel] Kant, Schopenhauer or [Friedrich] Nietzsche, Schopenhauer or [Baruch] Spinoza, that kind of thing. Someone saying Bishop [George] Berkeley influenced philosophy even more than Schopenhauer, something off the wall like that."

"People say philosophy is just for kids," Hoffbrau adds, "but look at the influence Schopenhauer has had. It's not just the philosophy they read in books, but the tremendous impact Schopenhauer has had on them personally. That's why people keep seeing him as alive. In a very real sense, he is alive."

As proof of Schopenhauer's greatness, Hoffbrau notes that "no one has seen Kant at Pic-n-Pay lately." Pic-n-Pay is another local market.

The question remains, why did no one else see Schopenhauer that day? According to Hoffbrau, "It may not be a question of why no one else saw Schopenhauer, but of why no one else said anything. Furthermore, he may have been seen but not recognized. It's a matter of perception. To paraphrase Schopenhauer himself, the world you live in depends on your own ideas."

Whoever or whatever she saw, Jetzer is convinced it was the German philosopher. "I know he's supposed to be dead, but I know what I saw. I told you that was no T-shirt. Who else would be wearing a frock coat in Wisconsin in this day and age?"

The Thing on My Balcony
by
Tom Becker

There's this thing – a terrifying, evil presence – living on my balcony.

Well, "evil" is a funny word.

He's about sixteen inches tall and looks like the gremlin from the old Bugs Bunny WWII propaganda films. He's got a red nose, skin as dark and shiny as Texas crude, and a dick that looks vaguely like a soiled bottle brush.

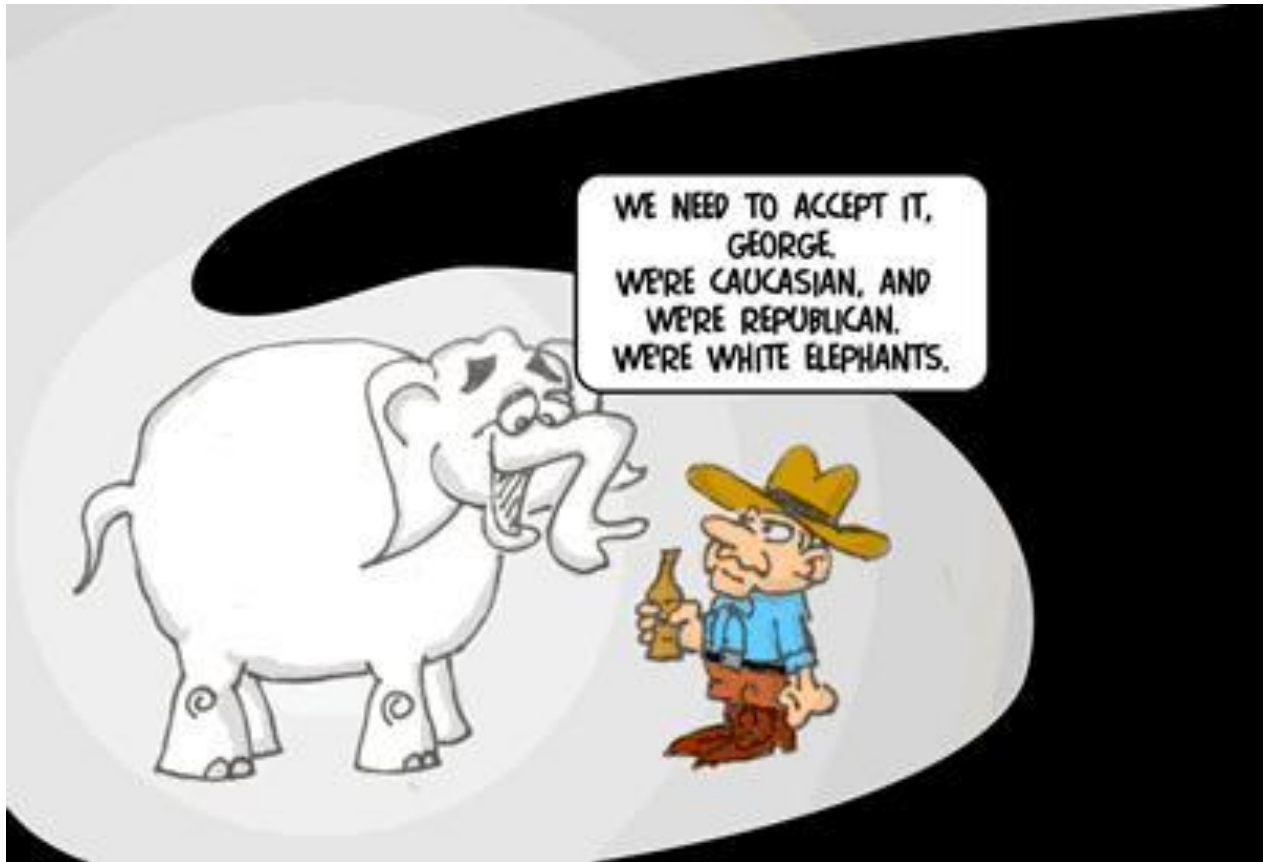
I almost didn't take the apartment, as the management had told me that a minor entity sprung from the writhing, cyclopean breast of Yog-Sothoth was part of the deal. The only other available unit was a garden apartment. Enough said.

He seems to enjoy my guitar playing. I've been really into the Smiths and the Cure lately. He feeds on unspeakable sorrow, frustration, and broken dreams, so a studio apartment in a college town was a natural choice.

Occasionally I'll turn around and he'll be there – his face pressed against the sliding door, his little nose fogging up the glass. It's kind of unsettling, but I've gotten used to it. The only thing that sort of bugs me is when he scrabbles around the balcony at night. He has these little metal claws that look like thumb-tacks. Also, he hums Bright Eyes tunes in his sleep.

Still – beats having a roommate.

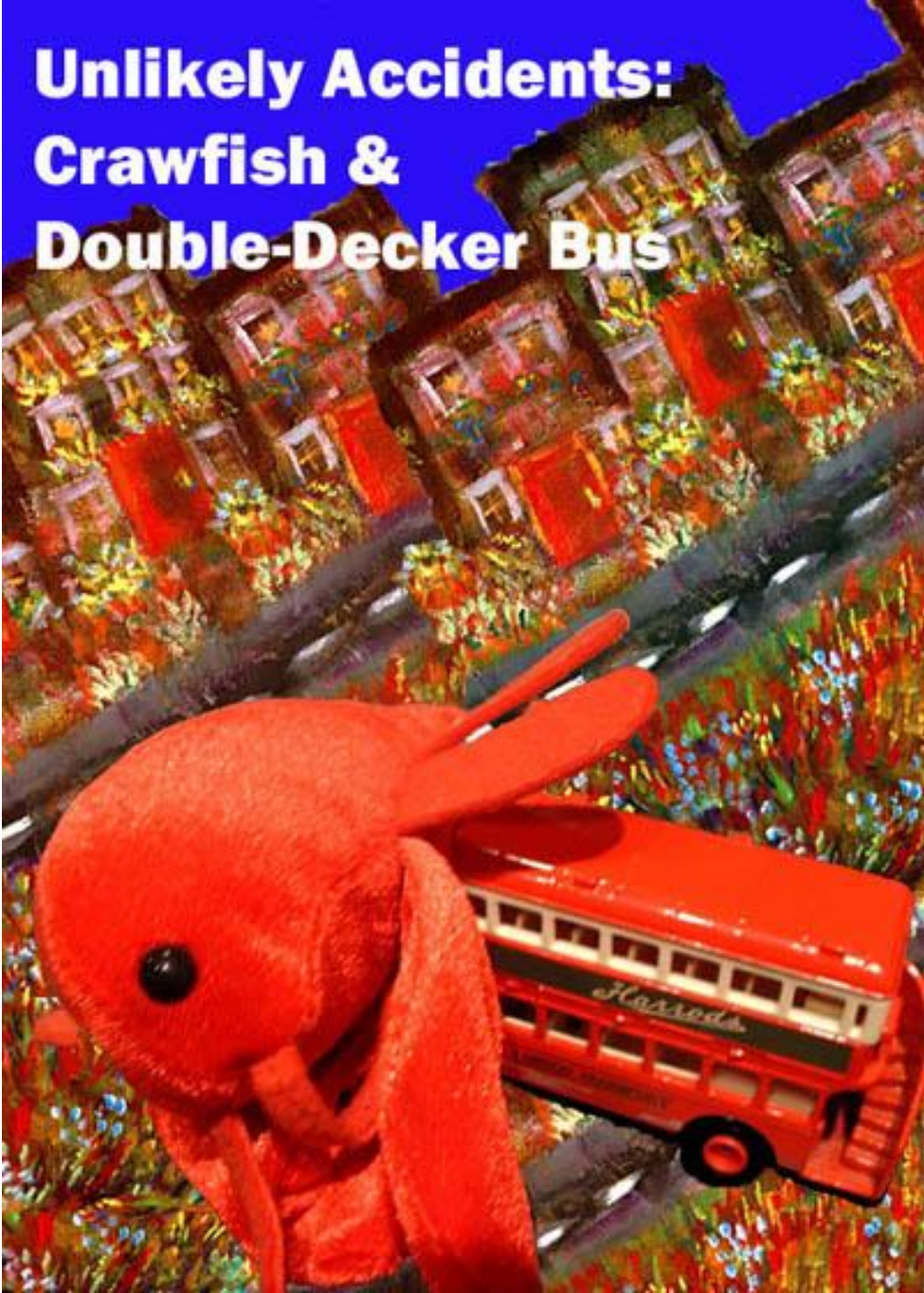
Elephant
by
Doohinkus



TV Watcher
by
Jeremiah Stansbury



Fueling the Debate on Drivers Licenses for Crustaceans
by
Susan Major



Contributor Biographies

Bill Mehlman says: "Tired, restless, middle-aged family man. Highly prestigious, and wholly unused, English degree. Professional chef and legal proofreader. Yankee fan; student of coastal navigation. Goals in life: make enough money to buy a table for 3-cushion billiards, a home with a room big enough to accommodate it, a vintage Herreschoff catboat and an International Harvester Scout, both fully restored. I'm very spiritual. I may open a hot dog stand soon, and, if that flies, another jazz club."

According to him, **Christian Ward** is a "crazy 25 year-old blonde European who writes (and enjoys) ludicrously insane writing."

Frank Critelli is a pain in the ass... just ask his wife. When he's not drinking to excess and scribbling in one of several notebooks, he's cooking up another "creative endeavor" that will most surely lose money. Frank Critelli can throw away money quicker and more efficiently than any five people put together. He has a knack for it. See for yourself:
<http://www.frankcritelli.com>

Kevin Doran (<http://kevindoran.blogspot.com>) is a diverse creature of the night. He likes to read and write, and edit the on-line experimental journal, <http://triptychhaiku.blogspot.com> (hyperlink with mag name) *Triptych Haiku*. He can be found being very indecisive in front of too wide a selection of chocolate in a shop. He once saw someone mention in their bio that they were a member of the High IQ Society. He declined becoming a member, after taking their test, because he didn't feel like playing on-line chess with [expletive] [expletive]. He hasn't checked his voicemail in over a year – perhaps you called to tell him you were about to die...

Quentin B. Huff says: "I'm an attorney, writer, visual artist, and professional tennis player who lives and works in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. I'm an associate at the Gerber Law Firm, PLLC. The firm is a civil litigation practice that represents artists, writers, musicians, producers, and other players in the entertainment industry. I love musicians, but vehemently despise other lawyers (for the obvious reasons). My family owns and operates Huff Art Studio, an art gallery specializing in fine art, printing, and graphic design. As a writer, my poems appear in *Pemmican Press* and will appear in the upcoming "Famous & Infamous" themed issue of *Switched-On Gutenberg*. I've never been musically inclined, aside from a short stint with the clarinet in the 7th grade and a few home-recorded hip-hop demos with a few of my friends. I have no pets, no addictions, no fetishes, and am suddenly realizing why people tell me I need to get out more."

Ralph Neives-Bryant is both a genius and a madman.

Ryan Nemeth is a junior at Xavier University. He is very pleased to appear in *Defenestration Magazine*. He can be seen performing with the *Barely Legal Teens* longform improv group on and around Xavier's campus in Cincinnati, OH. Contact him at nemeth.ryan@gmail.com .

Thomas David Lisk is 125 years old. He has been writing since he graduated belatedly from Oak Park (Illinois) High School with Ernest Hemingway in 1916 or 17, or maybe it was 1921. Ironically, he had been a special student earlier at Harvard (Massachusetts), where he once saw (he thinks) Robert Frost but (he recalls) did not speak to him, but it may have been Wallace Stevens. The rest of his life, apart from experiences in four wars, three

marriages, two dentists' offices and over sixty jobs, has been uneventful. He is now completely senile. "Schopenhauer Shopping" is his first published work of non-fiction.

Tom Becker is an aspiring author. He thinks about Catherine Keener sometimes. It's not weird or anything – he just wants to know the things that touching her could teach him.

Doohinkus is currently working undercover. He won't elaborate where, but we think he's hiding under our water cooler.

Jeremiah Stansbury is a prolific artist who is currently being prolific in art. His artwork has been on display in numerous areas in the Memphis, Tennessee area and on that magical technological marvel known as the internet. In fact, you can see more of his work here: <http://www.absolutearts.com/clipinpics/>.

Susan Major is an accident-reconstruction specialist for the National Crawfish Safety Board (NCSB) in Portland, Oregon. Currently on loan to the NCSB's sister agency, the Combined National Molasses & Mascara Safety Board (CNMMSB), she is investigating a tragedy involving an unlikely accident between cheap mascara and Blackstrap molasses. Initial reports suggest that the skid marks are extremely sticky but make your lashes look extra full. You can monitor Susan's activities at www.majordevelopments.com.